

How Long Will I Love You? by johnsmurphy

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Summary:

Its early October, the leaves are starting to change colour and the weather is getting colder but Mike and Eleven have never felt so comfortable and warm.

How Long Will I Love You?

The sky was a mixture of orange, pink and blue as the sun set in the distance. Tonight, the air was cold, cold enough that you needed to put on a jacket before stepping outside.

Mike sat on the roof of his house, a blue woollen blanket wrapped around his small shoulders. He came here often, to this special place, and now more often than usual. He liked to watch the birds head back to their nests with food for their children, and watch as the sky gets darker and darker before heading inside.

The trees were already turning orange, yellow, red and brown and Mike could already see several bright stars in the sky, and knew he would have to go in soon.

But he hadn't shown Eleven his special place.

Mike grabbed the blanket and slid down the pipe on the side of his house, and at the bottom his face was a mixture of bewilderment and surprise that the pipe held his weight.

He opened the front door, not bothering to shut it, and ran down to the basement.

"El!" He shouted, flying down the stairs so quickly he lost his balance and nearly fell down the last few.

"El!" He shouted again, heading over to her blanket fort.

Over the past few weeks, Mike and Eleven had gathered up as many blankets they could find to put into her little home. Mike had even noticed that each night she chose a different one to sleep with, like a comforter.

Eleven didn't reply.

Mike pushed back the blankets to find her fast asleep, curled into a tiny ball. She looked so vulnerable and innocent Mike was reluctant to wake her.

"El." He whispered softly, stroking her face and pushing brown strands of hair out of her eyes.

Slowly, she stirred and sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"Mike?"

"Hey El, do you want to see something?"

By now, Eleven was fully awake, her large brown eyes staring up at Mike.

"Oh. Okay"

Mike reached down and laced his fingers between hers and gently pulled her up. Together, they ascended the creaky, basement stairs and headed out of the front door.

"Its cold." She said, wrapping her arms around her body.

"Don't worry El, I have blankets to keep us warm." He smiled at her, gesturing the blankets on his shoulder.

Eleven smiled back and her cheeks warmed.

Mike led her over to the large, black pipe on the side of the house.

Eleven frowned.

"Whenever I want time to think or be alone, I come up to my special place. Its on top of the roof, and I sit and watch the sun set. I am the only person that knows about it, but I was wondering... if maybe you wanted to come up and sit with me?" He asked.

Eleven smiled again.

"Yes."

"I need to help you up, okay?"

"Okay."

Mike placed his hands on Eleven's small waist and lifted her onto the pipe.

"Hold on with your hands and feet and make your way up the pipe." He called.

Eleven was nervous. She had never done anything like this before and the further up the pipe she went the scarier it became. She looked down and saw how far below the ground was. She felt her heart drop and her eyes filled with tears.

"Mike?" She called out.

"I'm here, right behind you. I know its scary but youre nearly at the top, just a little more!" He coaxed, sensing her fear.

Mike's words sent a boost of confidence through her body, like they always did and she carried on up the pipe until she reached the roof. Soon after, Mike joined her, his cheeks red and his hair sticking to his face.

Eleven found it quite cute.

Mike reached over and placed a red blanket round Elevens shoulders.

"Better?"

"Better."

He sent down next to her, their hands nearly touching, and wrapped the same blue blanket from before round his shoulders.

The two kids sat in silence, Eleven looking around in awe at the sky and the trees. Mike smiled; he knew she would like it.

He entwined their fingers and held her hand tightly, before looking over at her.

They both smiled at each other, their cheeks warming and they both blushed.

"Mike?"

"Yes?"

"What are these big green things?" She pointed at the trees.

"Oh, they're trees. They're like big, green plants that sprout from the ground and loads of animals live in them."

Eleven nodded with understanding.

"Why are they different colours?" She asked again.

"Throughout the year, the leaves on the trees change colour and sometimes fall off depending on the season. We have Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. In Winter, there are no leaves in the trees, its only the branches and trunk. Then in Spring, the leaves are green and sometimes there are pretty flowers."

Eleven raised her eyebrows.

"And in Summer, the leaves turn an even better green and in Autumn the leaves are very pretty. They turn orange, red, yellow and all sorts of colours."

"Is it Autumn now?"

"Yes." Mike smiled.

"Mike? Am I pretty like the leaves and flowers." She whispered, gazing at the trees.

Mike turned to Eleven.

"You are always pretty El, you are the prettiest girl I have ever seen."

Eleven smiled at this and moved over to Mike before resting her head on his shoulder, breathing out what seemed to be a sigh of relief and contentment.

Mike reached up and stroked her hair, which had grown longer in the past few months.

And Mike decided, He was definitely going to bring Eleven to his special place again.

Author's Note:

I wanted to write something based on autumn

because its now September and everything around us is changing. I feel it kinda brought Eleven and Mike closer because its life, things change and people change and I'm sure Mike is more than happy to be spending his life right now with his favourite girl :)